

10th
S E L E C T
P O E M S,
CONTAINING
RELIGIOUS EPISTLES, &c.

Occasionally written on various Subjects,
Recommended to the Perusal of serious Readers,
especially the Youth.

By J O H N F R Y. *u*

As lively Children of an active Mind
Will be employ'd, or some Amusement find,
'Tis wise in Parents to assist their Choice,
And furnish freely with a pleasing Voice
Such Things where Pleasure and Advantage meet,
Thereby to form their tender Minds compleat,
And lead them gently, by some new Delight,
From hurtful Things to Things both good and right.

J. F.

A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

HERBERT.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by MARY HINDE, at N^o 2,
in George-Yard, Lombard-Street, 1774.

SELECT
POEMS

CONTAINING

RELIGIOUS EPISTLES,

Occasionally written on various Subjects.

Recommended to the Perusal of serious Readers,

especially the Youth.

By JOHN FRY.



A happy Child, an active Mind,
Will be employ'd in some Amusement kind,
And in the first of these, the Book of Psalms,
Which, in its kind, is a pleasing Voice,
A thing, whereof the Spirit and Advantage, may
Be by to form a tender Mind, as well as
To lead their hearts, by some new Song,
To the eternal Things, to Things both old and new.
A Verse may find him who a Sermon does,
And thus, I hope, will be a Sacrifice.

LONDON

Printed by MARY HARRISON, at the

THE
PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

AS there is so great a Variety in the Dispositions and Opinions of Men, it is no Wonder that I differ from many others, in my Opinion relating to the Method and Style of most modern Writers, both in Prose and Verse; most Authors, especially Poets, affecting a lofty florid Manner of Expression, fill'd with such Words and Phrases as common Readers seldom understand, nor have many Times, as they read, Opportunity to consider the true Meaning of, and therefore do but imperfectly conceive the Author's Intent.

I confess I have but too frequently met with Poetry very grateful to the Ear, full of Wit and Imagination, adorn'd with polite Learning, elegant Diction; and beautiful Similes, which, like Musick, while it delights the Ear, convey'd to me no Instruction in Morality, no Information in Religion, no Encouragement in Virtue, nor any profitable Amusement, being so full of Coinage and Invention, and so destitute of real Truth, that it is wasting Money to purchase them, and losing Time to read them.

For these Reasons I have wrote the following Sheets in as plain and explicit a Manner as I could, avoiding every imaginary and flighty Mode of Expression, partly for my own Amusement, but more for the Benefit and real Instruction of such Persons to whom I wrote, without any Intention then of ever publishing them; but having lately more fully consider'd the Condition of the numerous hopeful Youth in our Society, and the Activity of young Minds, and how desirous they mostly are of Amusement in Reading (and especially of Poetry)

Poetry) and how few profitable Things they are likely to have fall in their Way, I thought it my Duty rather to expose myself to the Censure of the Captious, than with-hold any Instruction from the religious or deserving Youth.

I know that neither the Subjects, nor the Mode in which I have treated them, will suit the wanton Taste of the irreligious and vainly-polite Reader ; but the Simplicity of the Style best became my Profession and the Gravity of my Subjects ; and if they are read by People well disposed (to whom only Truth is acceptable) such may, I hope, be in some degree profited ; 'tis to the Perusal of such I recommend them ; and if they prove of any Advantage and Edification to any of these, my End in preserving them will be answer'd : Such Readers I hope will long be found in my Family, and among my Children and their Offspring.

J O H N F R Y.

Sutton-Benger in Wilts, the 25th
of the Third Month 1774.

T H E

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JOHN HAY

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7 AP 59

SELECT

SELECT POEMS, &c.

To a Friend on Retirement.

Would'st thou, my Friend, in Life's short Stage
be blest,
And after Death enjoy eternal Rest;
Or dost thou in the Truth a Growth desire,
Then I advise thee often to retire
Into some lonesome, undisturbed Place;
Wherein thou may'st have Leisure, well to trace
Thy inward Steps, and justly contemplate
Upon thy past, as well as present State;
Then may'st thou plainly see, as in a Glass,
How these thy few, uncertain Moments pass:
And if thou find'st, that thou hast mis'd thy Way,
I then exhort thee earnestly to pray
(In Soul at least) to him, who, by his Pow'r,
Will be thy Helper in a trying Hour:

[2]

And thus thou may'st, by his Assistance, be
Enabled to advance from one Degree
Unto another, 'till thou com'st at last
To be the Conqueror of thy Warfare past ;
Which in due Time will be accomplished,
And thou from Doubts and fruitless Thoughts be led.

Thus may'st thou come assuredly to find
The sweet Enjoyment of a peaceful Mind ;
And tho' Afflictions may thy Soul surround,
Yet let thy Patience underneath abound ;
Be not with Trouble over-much dismay'd,
But trust in God, and he will be thy Aid ;
Make him thy bosom Friend, and he will be,
On all Occasions, nigh to counsel thee.

A Contemplation in Affliction.

I.

GREAT is my Pain, and pressing the Distress
Which doth my Mind with pond'rous Weight
oppress,

And fills my Soul with Grief:
And great the Burden of that pensive Load,
Which in my Heart has taken its Abode,

And suffers no Relief.

II.

But greater far the Power that's often near,
And underneath supporting those that fear

His great and worthy Name;

Upon him therefore may I still rely,

And to him now for Strength and Help apply,

From whence it ever came.

III.

Who never yet forsook the pure in Heart,

Who from his righteous Law dare not depart,

Nor fly to Man for Aid ;
 For they who always act upright and just,
 And in the Lord alone do put their Trust,
 Need never be afraid.

IV.

Tho' Death and Hell may often seem to join,
 And wicked Men together may combine,
 The Righteous to oppress ;

Those various Trials and Afflictions here,
 Tho' for the present they may seem severe,
 Will tend to Righteousness.

N. B. The first six Lines were written in Time
 of great Distress of Mind, and the rest when it was
 removed.

But greater far the Power that's often near,
 And underneath supporting those that fear
 His great and worthy Name ;
 Upon him therefore may I still rely,
 And to him now for Strength and Help apply.

III.

Who never yet forsook the pure in Heart,
 Who from his righteous Law dare not depart,

An Alphabetical Acrostick, composed for the Use of Schools.

ALL mortal Men that live must surely die;
But how, or when, is hid from human Eye:
Consider then thy few uncertain Days;
Delay no longer to amend thy Ways:
Engage thy Heart to serve the Lord in Love;
For all his Ways, the Ways of Comfort prove:
Grant to thyself no Time for vain Delight
Hate all that's wrong, and love to do the Right:
In all thou ever dost, act in God's Fear
Keepestill the Thoughts of Death and Judgment
near:
Learn to avoid what thou believ'st is Sin;
Mind what reproves or justifies within:
No Act is good, which doth disturb thy Peace:
Or can be bad, that makes true Joy increase:
Prevent the Loss of Time, be timely wise:
Quench not the Spirit, all its Teachings prize:
Rely alone upon that Power, that can
Subdue the Pride and haughty Looks of Man;

T his

T his heav'nly Power is that which sanctifies
U nto the Lord the Heart that's truly wise ;
W ait for it then, in it such Wisdom is,
X amphon's Wisdom, Folly was to this ;
Y ea this, if 'tis obey'd, will give the Youth
Z eal for the Lord, and lead into all Truth.

A Contemplative Retrospection.

WHEN I my early Days survey,
And view the Time that's past away,
The Season of my Youth
Review the Mercies of the Lord,
When he did first to me afford
The Knowledge of his Truth ;
Such Cause I find for Thankfulness,
As by Words can ne'er express
Such Cause to praise his Name,
Who gave to me from Day to Day
The farther Knowledge of his Way,
And led me in the same.

T his

Who

III.

Who knowing then my childish State,
 Did in Compassion on me wait,
 His Pleasure to reveal;

And by his Light that shone within,
 Both what was good, and what was Sin,
 Did not from me conceal:

IV.

But in his Mercy helped me
 The Snares of Sin and Death to see,
 Also to shun the same,

And by his Grace afforded Strength
 To overcome the same at length,
 Thro' him from whence it came.

'Tis by this Pow'r of God alone
 Man's saving Help is only known,
 To shun the Ways of Sin;
 His Reason can't this Work effect,
 Nor all his Wisdom him direct,
 Or give him Strength within.

On Contentment.

AR T thou, O Man ! posselt with groundless
Fear ?

Do Things on Earth to thee confus'd appear ?

Do Grief and Sorrow now thy Soul surround,

And new Distresses every Day abound ?

Art thou thereby extreamly toss'd and vext,

And still with cross Occurences perplext ?

Sustain afresh some unexpected Loss,

And all thy Efforts meet a sudden Cross ?

Dost thou complain, to give thy Sorrows Vent,

And all thy Thoughts conclude in Discontent ?

Consider then what is the Cause of this,

Why every Thing is wrong, why all amiss :

Examine first the Secrets of thy Heart,

And weigh thy Conduct well in every Part ;

Perhaps from thence some Cause of Discontent

Doth oft arise, which yet thou may'st prevent :

'Tis base to look without, and lay the Blame

On Things around thee, and suppose it came

From Chance, or Fortune, or the Wickedness

Of this deceitful World, which more or less

Disturbs

Disturbs thy Mind, and often breaks thy Rest,
 And so from thence thou think'st thou art oppress'd,
 Perhaps some pleasing Sin, some darling Vice,
 To their Embraces do thy Mind entice;
 But when they're past, thou soon may'st recollect
 Thy recent Faults, and on thyself reflect,
 But not repent; and let thy Peevishness
 Perversely fill thy Soul with new Distress:
 Which to suppress, do not thyself exert,
 Nor, by repeating, study to avert;
 Nor by Extreame of Trade, or Hopes of Gain,
 Vainly attempt Contentment to attain;
 Nor can'st thou by excessive Drinking be
 Made from thy restless Cogitations free,
 But when these fail, if thou pursu'st thy Flight,
 And seek'st Contentment in some vain Delight,
 Some soothing Pleasures in the Ways of Sin,
 Ent'ring the Gate that's wide, and walking in
 The Way that's broad, which to Destruction leads,
 And for such Liberty too often pleads;
 Pleas'd with the sportive Path, the jovial Croud,
 The Vain—the Base—the Covetous—the Proud—
 The mimic *Christian*, who can sing, or pray,
 Or drink, or swear—and who from Day to Day
 Talks of Religion, tho' he knows it not,
 Pretends to Duty, tho' he has forgot

All who observe it must these Ways forsake,
 Repent, amend, and daily strive to take
 A daily Cross, to crucify the Will,
 (That Men by Nature study to fulfill)
 Can'st thou, O Man! by this expect to find
 A lasting Comfort to thy tossed Mind?
 Were Heaps of Riches thine, would all these please?
 Would Pride, or Pleasure, give thee lasting Ease?
 Will all these Things thy Cravings satisfy?
 Can'st thou attain to true Content thereby?
 No! surely no! these cannot ease thy Grief,
 Nor give thy anxious Soul the least Relief.
 The sordid Miser can't be satisfied,
 Nor Fashion-seekers ever pleas'd with Pride;
 The Pleasure-hunter ne'er could find the Scent,
 Nor fading Pleasures ever give Content,
 Whilst Men are seeking where it can't be found,
 And vicious Passions in their Hearts abound.
 Repeating Sin will ne'er afford Relief,
 Nor vicious Ways extenuate thy Grief;
 Vain Recreations will increase the Weight
 Of thy Distresses, which remain so great;
 All Things without thee never can appease
 Thy Fears and Doubts, or give substantial Ease:
 Turn then from these in Time, and seek the Lord,
 Who by his Grace will saving Help afford;

He only can thy ruffled Thoughts prevent,
 And give thy Soul the Balsam of Content;
 Which never can be found in earthly Things,
 These sow the Seeds from whence thy Trouble springs:
 Strive then, in Time, to enter at the Gate
 Which to the *carnal* Mind alone is straight;
 And tread the Path that's narrow to the Mind
 That is to Sin and Wickedness inclin'd;
 But is indeed a most delightful Way
 To all that do the Will of God obey;
 A Way of Peace, and most refin'd Delight,
 The Path of Wisdom, as a *shining Light*,
 Which, if regarded, would thy Steps invite
 To travel forward in this holy Way,
 That leads thee forward to the *perfect Day*.
 The Man whose Mind is truly sanctify'd,
 And wean'd from Riches, Pleasure, Pomp and Pride,
 Who knows the Lord, and loves him in his Heart,
 He has Contentment in the inward Part;
 Which all Mankind, who live in Wickedness,
 Cannot conceive, nor any-wise possess.
 O that the Source thereof was understood!
 And Men both knew and sought their chiefest Good;
 Then Fears and Doubts would swiftly disappear,
 And humble Mortals meet with Comfort here:

For he that fears the Lord, and knows his Mind,
 In all Conditions to his Will resign'd,
 Will find a Cross is always for the best,
 And true Submission be the Way to Rest;
 What he enjoyeth, whether more or less,
 He thinks it is a Favour to possess:
 For he that has but Food and Raiment here,
 Who serves the Lord, and walketh in his Fear:
 Or he that is with needful Comforts blest,
 And uses well the Blessings here possess;
 Or he, that doth the greatest Riches share,
 And yet distributes with his utmost Care,
 The fresh Increase with which he doth abound,
 And to the Giver still is thankful found;
 These bless the Giver both of Life and Health,
 To him submit, who can dispose of Wealth,
 Where Wealth is good; where apt to captivate,
 Has kept them safer in a lower State.
 What he disposes ever is for Good,
 And so to such it's always understood:
 This Acquiescence tends to Happiness,
 And brings such Comfort as they can't express.
 No Murmurs then, no Doubts, no needless Fear,
 What Providence allots, such freely bear.
 This Disposition always will prevent
 The Rise and Growth of *thankless Discontent*.

Thus

Thus much, I can with Thankfulness express,
 Has been my chiefest Study to possess;
 What Heaven bestow'd on me, or to me lent,
 Has hitherto afforded me Content;
 'Tis all his Bounty. What I farther crave
 Is but to manage wisely what he gave;
 That these Enjoyments may be rightly us'd,
 And not by me, or mine, at all abus'd;
 That we may not, like to the thoughtless Croud,
 Be avaricious, sordid, grand or proud:
 Nor dare I once to think, if I had more
 I'd be content; but never can before.
 What is enough? Why, as the Fool expresses,
 A little more than what a Man possesses:
 Is this the Case? Of some perhaps it may;
 But not the truly Wise, I dare to say.
 The Fool at Distance fixes Happiness,
 And well he may; 'tis what he can't possess:
 For 'tis the Portion of the Righteous here,
 Who dwell in humble Gratitude and Fear;
 These find the Pearl of Price, the precious Gem,
 Superior to an earthly Diadem.

On

On Happiness.

THAT there's on Earth a State of Happiness
 To be attain'd unto, which few possess,
 The different Aims and Views of Men declare
 They think it's to be found, but know not where:
 The Poor suppose it's only found in Wealth;
 The Weak and Sickly say, it lies in Health;
 The Rich conceive it dwells among the Poor,
 (Who don't the Want of needful Things deplore;)
 The barren Pair imagine it's possess'd
 By all who are with num'rous Offspring blest:
 But they that have them, think the anxious Care
 Increasing Children bring, too great to bear:
 The hurried Tradesman thinks he should admire
 A State of Ease, could he but once retire
 From Commerce free; with Needfuls be content;
 But when he tries it, cannot but lament
 His Situation thus, without Employ,
 A Life of Dulness, which he can't enjoy.
 The Gay and Airy think it's found in Sport,
 When they with Eagerness in Crowds resort

To

To Hunting, Racing, Cocking, Baiting, where
 They look for Happiness, but 'tis not there.
 Some Pleasure-Gardens haunt, and hope to find
 Some new Amusement pleasing to the Mind;
 Here they expose their Folly and Attire,
 That the deluded Croud may them admire;
 While others lavish Time and Wealth away,
 In Musick, Mirth, or Dancing, spend the Day,
 The Night in Drinking, Masquerades, or Play;
 Some vilely spend in Wantonness the Night,
 And some in wasteful Gaming take Delight:
 Some think it's found in Riot and Excess,
 And others seek it in their Drunkenness:
 Some to the Playhouse frequently repair,
 And hope to find it, but it is not there;
 In these Pursuits no Happiness can be,
 Nor they obtain the State they long to see.
 The Miser next, the poor-rich needy Man,
 Gets with his Might, and saves it all he can;
 He thinks himself superlatively wise,
 And others Follies can with Scorn despise;
 Laments their Evils, but, behold! mean while
 Upon his Bags and Bonds delights to smile;
 He, with Abhorrence, shuns Extravagance,
 And hates the Mode that's newly brought from
France ;

Admires

Admires his Wealth, esteems it Happiness
 That he can here his darling Gold possess ;
 So deep the Love of this has pierc'd his Heart,
 He craves yet more, and loth from this to part,
 For Food and Raiment some he must expend,
 But still resolves to save it in the End,
 Mean Things will wear, because he can't afford
 To use his Pelf, or take it from his Hoard ;
 No Act of Friendship—no Beneficence
 Can he at all to the Distress'd dispense ;
 Nor well afford himself such Things to eat,
 As Nature wants, or Prudence thinks are meet :
 But Time, O cruel Time ! will slide away,
 The captive Mortal must not with it stay
 Longer, to own the Things he cannot use,
 Nor let another share.

If I this Madness farther may expose,
 My Thoughts upon it I shall thus disclose :
 When little Children gather Pebble-stones
 To lay on Heaps, and each his Treasure owns,
 To raise their Heaps one quickly loads his Hat,
 Another holds her Lap, and fills up that ;
 But when they're tir'd they cast 'em all away,
 At this we smile, and call it Children's Play :

But

But when we see wise Men, like Children, strive
 To gather Wealth, and ev'ry Way contrive
 To grasp together what they cannot use,
 How can we such in any-wise excuse?
 Much worse than Children, far more foolish they,
 These act in Earnest—their's is only Play.

Thus Men, alas! of Happiness are cheated,
 And all their Searches after it defeated;
 Who fly the Hand that would their Faults chastise,
 And stop the Ears to him that would advise;
 Who close their Eyes to him that gave 'em Sight,
 And choose thick Darkness rather than the Light;
 Left in the Light it fully should appear
 They must begin to live in godly Fear,
 And learn to take and bear a daily Cross,
 And for each Sin endure a just Remorse;
 That on the Neck of Lust becomes a Yoke,
 And slays its Vitals with a friendly Stroke.
 No Happiness can be on Earth obtain'd
 Until the Blessing of the Lord be gain'd,
 'Till Men begin to learn his holy Fear,
 And by his blessed Counsel daily steer;
 These Men alone attain that Happiness
 Which all the Wicked never can possess:

D

For

For they that square their Lives by his Direction,
 Will never fail of Counsel and Protection;
 Then truly happy those who rightly know
 This Source and Spring of Happiness below,
 Which is descended only from above,
 And is the Earnest of the Father's Love;
 A Fore-taste here of everlasting Bliss,
 Which all the truly Faithful never miss:
 No vain Delights, no Pleasures, such desire;
 Nor Riches here: Their Thoughts are raised higher
 Than earthly Things, and fixt on God above,
 Who is become the Object of their Love,
 Their chief Delight, their Hope, their greatest Good,
 Tho' not by carnal Man so understood.
 'Tis the Redeem'd alone who do possess
 (Whilst here below) this State of Happiness.

*A Father's Advice to his Son, in
Relation to Marriage, &c.*

IN all thy Ways acknowledge him
Who made and formed thee;
And as he has the sovereign Pow'r,
Thou shouldst a Subject be.

Let not thy Will oppose his Will,
But to it still submit;
Let him thy future Steps direct,
As he shall see is fit:

For he alone has Pow'r to bless
With Health, or Length of Days;
Or bring to nothing thy Designs,
And blast thee in thy Ways.

In all Affairs of Consequence,
His Counsel ask, in Fear,
To shew thy Course, direct the Wind,
And as thy Pilot steer:

And then thou wilt be sure to miss

Those Rocks or Shoals of Sand,

On which some lofty Vessels dash,

Or in a Tempest strand.

Be conscious of thy Want of Strength,

Forefight or Penetration,

To judge of the Event of Things,

Or guess at their Duration.

As Marriage is God's Ordinance,

Let him point out the Way,

And by the Teaching of his Grace,

His Mind therein convey,

To bring the Object to thy Mind

With Nearness of Affection,

Which will a lasting Union form,

And gain Divine Protection.

This Union is more strong by far

Than all the Pow'rs of Death,

And will preserve the pious Pair

In Comfort here on Earth;

Yea,

Yea, Blessings from the Heavens above
Will on such Souls descend,
And Blessings of the Earth beneath,
As they on him depend:

So will the Blessing of the Lord,
That *maketh rich* indeed!
Such ardent Seekers satisfy,
And far their Hopes exceed.
This Way *I took*—These Steps *we trod*,
This by Experience know,
That great Advantages indeed
From this Dependance flow:
I therefore recommend to thee
This safe unerring Way,
Which if thou art concern'd to seek,
Thou wilt not go astray.

Yea, Blessings from the Heavens above
Will on such Souls descend,
And Blessings of the Earth beneath,
To a young Woman,

SHALL Youth, endow'd with more than common
Sense,
Adorn'd with Beauty, Wit, and Eloquence;
Be with such bright, superior Talents blest;
As by the Vulgar seldom are possess'd;
And favour'd also with a perfect Sight
Of real Duty; from an inward Light;
Receive such Bounty from the Donor's Hand,
And yet not duly think, nor understand,
Why these are lent, and how the Obligation
Affects us all in every different Station?
And shall we not to him devote our Days,
To serve him truly, to exalt his Praise;
And flee from all Appearances of Evil,
With all the fly Delusions of the Devil;
The youthful Lusts that war against the Soul,
That evermore its Happiness controul?
'Tis Things celestial solid Comforts give,
And yield that vital Strength by which we live.

Can less than this the hungry Soul suffice,
 Or satiate the Mind that's truly wise?
 Or can it any perfect Good possess
 In Modes of Worship, or in Modes of Dress?
 Far be it from th' enlighten'd human Mind,
 In Things below, a lasting Peace to find.
 Our Searches then should ever be employ'd
 In seeking him, who when alone enjoy'd,
 Admits no further Search; *the chiefest Good,*
 When thus possess'd, is amply understood.
 All Things terrene, esteem'd as *Dung and Drofs,*
 And all that keeps us back from him, a Loss;
 A Loss indeed! What greater Loss than this,
 To lose the Time of gaining endless Bliss.
 Of Peace depriv'd, from whence true Hope
 Commences;

Meerly to please and gratify our Senses.
 Consider this, and let this Meditation
 Become the Subject of thy Contemplation,
 May he that is the only Source of Joy
 Become thy Choice, thy future Thoughts employ;
 Of fading Things below the Glory stain,
 Which often to the Mind occasion Pain.
 May he in awful Fear thy Steps direct,
 And from *the Snares of Death* thy Soul protect;

And grant thee here on Earth a Settlement,
 In such a Marriage as affords Content;
 To one united, who devotes his Life
 To serve his God, and to oblige his Wife:
 And thou unite with him in that Concern,
 And both as one your Duties jointly learn;
 So will you be together surely blest,
 And be entitled to eternal Rest.
 May Peace and Comfort crown thy future Days;
 And fill thy Soul with everlasting Praise.

On Ingratitude.

SHALL mortal Man receive his vital Breath,
 And be the Steward of the spacious Earth;
 And for his Use apply its sole Increase,
 Feed on the Grain, and cloath him with the Fleece;
 Gather the Clusters of the fruitful Vine,
 Compress its Juice, and fill himself with Wine;
 Eat the delicious Fruit of every Kind,
 Which he around the rolling Globe can find;
 At Pleasure work, or kill, the stately Ox,
 And eat the Lamb that has escap'd the Fox;
 From the industrious Bees their Honey take,
 And spoil those Combs he hath not Skill to make;

Whole

Whole Families destroy, to take away
 All they could save, by loosing not a Day;
 In which they could from Danger Life sustain,
 From Frost or Snow, from Wind, from Hail or Rain?
 With hunting Hares and Stags shall Men make Sport,
 And after them with Eagerness resort;
 And for Diversion thus the Creatures use?
 Yea, some in every Species they abuse:
 The bleating Flocks shall either sell, or slay,
 Take from the lowing Herds their Young away,
 Receive their Milk, convert it to their Use;
 Can Man, thus favour'd, be without Excuse,
 If he considers not the Hand that gives,
 And worships not the God by whom he lives?
 Shall he be thus the Lord of Earth and Sea,
 And to the Giver yet unthankful be?
 Rule o'er the brute Inhabitants below,
 And to the Fowls and Fish no Favour show?
 Not fully pleas'd with his productive Fields,
 Or what the Earth upon its Surface yields;
 Shall pierce the Bowels of his Mother Earth,
 (From whence he had his Origin and Birth)
 To seek for hidden Treasure, where he finds
 His Water, Fuel, and metallick Mines,
 Bring forth her Gold, and Riches as his own;
 Shall no Return at all for this be shown?

What Views of Duty now to Man appear?
 What Sense of Guilt for Sin? What mournful Tear?
 What Resolutions, quickly to amend?
 And what Provision for his Latter-end?
 What Obligations own, what Thankfulness,
 Doth he by Actions every Day express?
 And as a grateful Being strive to shew,
 Is to the Giver of his Blessings due.
 How much, alas! is Duty laid aside,
 And thoughtless Mortals swallowed up in Pride!
 Some after Riches grasp, with Eagerness,
 Whilst others even wallow in Excess;
 As if the Life of Man should be employ'd
 In reaping up what's only here enjoy'd;
 As if our Actions here did not relate,
 Nor any ways affect a future State;
 As if ungrateful Man not once believes
 The Blessings and the Favours he receives
 Came from above—that watchful Providence
 Doth evermore his Gifts to them dispense;
 That all we have is lent us from above,
 As daily Proofs of that Regard and Love,
 In which the Lord doth constantly bestow
 His Favours to his Creatures here below.

Shall

Shall stupid Man, thus blest, refuse to own
 That Light of Grace, by which is clearly shown
 The Mind of God engraven on the Heart,
 And manifested in the inward Part;
 And shall not he this inward Law obey,
 That leads him out of every hurtful Way,
 That brings his Will to know a true Subjection,
 And draws his Mind from ev'ry vile Affection;
 From all undue Desires of every Kind,
 That lead from God, or captivate the Mind;
 In order thus to set him wholly free,
 And make him Sharer of that *Liberty*
The Sons of God enjoy—with Solace blest,
 But after Death partake of endless Rest?
 How sordid, then, is he, who dares to slight
 Such Love as this, and him with Scorn requite,
 Reject his Counsel, his Reproofs refuse,
 And with his outward Gifts himself abuse!
 Shall not the *righteous Judge of all the Earth*
Do righteously to all, whose Life and Breath
 Is in his Hand—and fully recompence,
 To every one, the Wages due from thence;
 And *all the Nations that forget the Lord,*
Be turned into Hell, as their Reward?
 Not all the Nations, then, that knew him *not*,
 But they that *knew* him, and his Law forgot,

And yet forget; tho' oftentimes they feel
 An inward Check, which doth his Mind reveal :
 But this some flight, as if they would not hear,
 Nor to it lend a still attentive Ear ;
 Such must, at last, this heavy Sentence bear,
Depart from me, I know ye not to be
 Sheep of my Fold, nor Servants unto me.
 May those, in Time, of all their Sins repent,
 This awful Sentence *wisely to prevent.*

On Knowledge.

*An Epistle to a young Man lately returned
 from School.*

W I T H Salutation of unfeigned Love
 (Whose Source and Spring is only from above)
 I thee salute—and wish that Health and Peace
 May thy Possession be—and yet increase ;
 And more than this, I have for thee desired,
 That all thy Knowledge, hitherto acquired,
 May not suffice—nor satisfy thy Mind,
 Until thou yet superior Knowledge find,

The

The Knowledge of thy God—to know his Will,
 And how thou may'st aright the same fulfill ;
To know thyself—thy Frailties fully see,
 And know his humbling Hand lay hold of thee,
 To bring thee thro' the Deeps, to that Distress,
 Which only can beget a Willingness
 To follow him in ev'ry Tribulation,
 Which will at last effect thy Soul's Salvation.
 For native Innocence, with Ignorance,
 Cannot alone enable to advance
 In saving Knowledge—we must first be try'd,
 And from the Dross of Nature purify'd,
 'Till Self becomes entirely crucify'd :
 Our Knowledge slain, our nat'ral Will subdu'd,
 And ev'ry Pleasure that our Minds pursu'd
 (Whilst in a State of Nature we remain'd)
 Become subjected, 'till we have attain'd
 The inward, perfect Knowledge of the Lord,
 And know the Language of his awful Word,
*That's sharp, and sharper than a two-edg'd Sword.**
 'Tis this alone that makes us truly wise,
 And 'tis in this the best Experience lies.
 This Knowledge never yet puff'd up the Mind,
 But humbles most the Soul that's most refin'd.

* Heb. iv. 12.

Thus

Thus Parts and Learning, being sanctify'd,
 Are useful made, but never laid aside.
 Be this thy Aim, thy Labour, to attain,
 'Twill be thy Riches here, thy future Gain;
 'Twill lead to Peace, and endless Happiness,
 And more than compensate for all Distress,
 Which may in proving Seasons be thy Lot,
 And yield thee Joy when these shall be forgot;
 For Tears in future will be wip'd away,
 And Clouds expelled from the perfect Day;
 The *Saints in Light* will evermore rejoice
 With ample Joy; no Sound of Sorrow's Voice
 Will there be heard, nor be remember'd more,
 Where holy Souls, with Praise, their God adore.

These weighty Things, however great and true,
 Are own'd by many, but are known by few:
 And may these Hints (dear Child) be so impress'd,
 And sink so deeply in thy tender Breast,
 As to engage with Ardency thy Mind,
 To seek in earnest, 'till thou truly find
 This *Pearl of Price*, this *glorious Diadem*,
 Transcending far an oriental Gem:
 And may thy Portion be the precious Truth,
 The Guide of middle Age, the Stay of Youth,

And

And the Supporter of the hoary Head,
 Affording Help, when other Helps are fled:
 'Twill be *thy Stay, thy Staff, thy Sun, thy Shield,*
A strong Munition, that will surely yield
Shelter from Storms, a Covert from the Heat,
A Hiding-place, when Tempests round thee beat;
 May'st thou for Safety always to it fly,
 And in its *safe Pavilion* live and die.

An Epistle to a Friend's Son.

THOU' he be strong that has thy Mind possess'd,
 And rul'd with Rigour in thy youthful Breast,
 And with his Goods incumber'd so thy Mind,
 That thou' no Room, nor Rest, at all couldst find;
 But on his *Bed of Ease*, whilst there thou slept,
 And when awake, he thee in Darkness kept;
 To sooth thy Pain, he various Arts employ'd,
 To keep thee pleas'd with what thou then enjoy'd;
 With Shews of Worship, falsely call'd Devotion,
 And deem'd that Wisdom which was only Notion;
 Esteem'd that Pleasure which was wholly vain,
 And call'd that Loss which is the greatest Gain:

Deceiving

Deceiving often thus thy simple Soul,
 He doth thy Peace and inward Rest controul,
 Lest, being still, it should at all attend,
 And hear the gentle Whispers of its Friend:
 Which if it would but once attend to hear,
 His silent Voice would reach its listening Ear;
 Softly, but piercing, would his Invitation
 Invite thy Soul to wait for his Salvation;
 Gentle the Knocks he'd give upon its Door,
 Frequent his Offers, Freedom to restore;

For greater's he to whom all Power is given
 To rule in Earth beneath, as well as Heaven;
 He only can *the strong Man armed* foil,
 And cast him out, and soon his Goods can spoil;
 From Satan's Chains of Darknes set thee free,
 And gain thy captive Soul its Liberty
 To serve thy God, and daily to fulfill
 Thy great Redeemer's pure and holy Will;
 And lead thee forward, humbly to rejoice,
 To hear, distinguish, and obey his Voice.

But yet, alas! how liable are we
 To be deceived by this Enemy!
 How frequently doth he our Souls betray,
 Our great Creator's Laws to disobey!

How

How many Ways hath he to twist his Tail,
 If what he first attempts should chance to fail!
 What new Inventions doth he always find
 To tempt, deceive, and so delude Mankind;
 And steal our Minds insensible away,
 And from our Watch our feeble Hearts betray;
 And so deprive us of that daily Bread
 By which our needy Souls should still be fed;
 That Weakness might our Want of Food attend,
 And Death become our Portion in the End!
 But yet rejoice, my Friend, there is a Power
 That can resist him in the tempting Hour,
 And keep thee safe as in a refuge Tower:
 Fly to him, then; lean on his mighty Arm,
 And he will guard thy Soul from future Harm;
 As thou do'st on him constantly depend,
 He'll keep it still in Safety to the End.
 Take this Advice as from a cordial Friend.

On the Creation.

WHEN I, O Lord! thy Works survey,
 And Wisdom contemplate,
 I am in Admiration lost,
 They're so sublimely great!

Thy Wisdom and thy Pow'r are such,
 And Works so far extend,
 No human Thought can penetrate,
 Nor Science comprehend.

When, in the most expanded Thought,
 Those mighty Works I trace,
 My feeble Understanding fails
 In comprehending Space:

Profound and infinite, indeed!
 Which Language can't express,
 Nor can imagin'd Swiftneſs help
 Its vaſt Extent to gueſs.

No falling Milstone from above,*

For near a Cent'ry, can
Convey to us a clear Idea

Of Height or Depth to Man,

Who can define the Magnitude,

Or Matter, of the Sun?

Or Moon, or Stars? But which, at last,

Must end as they began,

Their different Motions, Forms, or Use,

Can feeble Mortals say?

Or penetrate such Points abstruse

While here inclos'd in Clay?

Stupendous, great! and truly wise

Art thou, by whose Command

We live, or die, as with a Touch,

Or Motion of thy Hand:

All Nations, when compar'd to thee,

Are like the Bucker's Drop,†

* Bishop Taylor, in his Contemplations on the State of Man, Page 137, says, "If a Milstone were thrown from the highest Firmament, and should every Hour fall two Hundred Miles, it would be ninety Years before it arrived on the Earth."

† Isa. xl. 15.

Or like the weightless Dust that lies

Upon the Ballance-top :

Thou mad'st the Earth, a wond'rous Globe;

And round it form'dst the Sea ;

This Globe suspended in the Air,

Where 'tis upheld by thee :

Thy Hand alone the Sea restrains,

And rules the boist'rous Wind ;

Thou mak'st the Earth to fructify,

And Creatures in their Kind :

Thou giv'st each Month its Property

To bring about the Year ;

In which thy Providence is seen,

And Blessings do appear :

There's no Defect in all thy Works,

Which thou beheld'st were good ; *

And so to Man they must be deem'd

If rightly understood :

* Bishop Taylor, in his Contemplations on the State of Man, page 127, says, " In a Million were there but the highest of Mountains, and round every Mountain two Hundred Miles, it would be ninety Years before it arriv'd on the Earth."

If thus thy outward Works appear
 To us so truly great,
 Unfathom'd, and immense indeed,
 In all their Parts compleat:

Could we behold thee as thou art,
 And fully understand
 Thy most surpassing Love to us,
 The Product of thy Hand;

Who to each Soul a Body gave,
 First taken from the Earth;
 In thy own Image Being made,
 And warm'd with vital Breath.

Could we conceive this mighty Work,
 And understand the whole,
 How the Inhabitant became
 A pure immortal-Soul;

And comprehend thy boundless Love
 To Man's immortal Part,
 And fully know how 'tis convey'd
 In secret to the Heart:

Could

Could we perceive this inward Work,
 And view the new Creation,
 Wrought in the Souls of sinful Men,
 Producing Renovation:

This inward Work, as justly claims
 Our Wonder and Surprise,
 And renders thee as truly great,
 As holy, just and wise.

Our utmost Knowledge yet attain'd,
 Or found by all our Art,
 Concerning God, his Works, or Ways,
 Is not a thousandth Part.

Each Planet, doubtless, is a Globe
 Compos'd of Earth and Sea,
 And so fill'd with Inhabitants,
 As may be more than we.

Some noted Stars have Names affixt
 To be distinguish'd by,
 And Men by various Arts pretend
 Their Distance to descry:

Could

But

But could they soar on high, and view
 Those Bodies as they are,
 Their Distance measure with a Line,
 And what they find declare,

This new Account would differ wide
 From what we now conceive,
 And far transcend what mortal Man
 At present can believe.

Perhaps the Sun may from our Seas
 Reflect upon them Light;
 And theirs return the same to us,
 And twinkle in the Night.

The Ways of God elude our Search,
 Are past our finding out,
 And Works of Wonder they appear,
 Beyond the Sceptic's Doubt.

Let Mortals, then, abased be,
 And humbled in the Dust;
 His Works admire, his Pow'r adore,
 Who is for ever just.

For he will surely recompence
According to our Ways,
To whom is all Obedience due,
With everlasting Praise.

Cease, then, astonish'd Muse, and leave
All farther Speculations,
And worship him, the great *I AM*,
The Fear and Dread of Nations.

In awful Silence prostrate lie,
And leave thy useless Pen,
'Till he another Theme inspire,
And raise thee up again.

* Exod. iii. 14. † Isa. vii. 13.

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A Contemplation on Death.

HOW can the human Soul, inclos'd in Clay,
And unassur'd of that a single Day,
Forget that this his Cottage made of Earth,
Must fall a Victim to the Power of Death;
And not without the deepest Thought reflect,
How much that solemn Parting must affect
Its future Being in an endless State?
Who can this awful Change but contemplate?
Can we presume, while here we dwell below,
The late departed Soul's Estate to know?
Or truly see the blessed Soul's Fruition,
Or find the wicked Soul's deplor'd Condition?
Can Man by all his Wisdom penetrate
Into the Nature of a future State?
Or can the Blind, who dwell in endless Night,
Conceive the Glory of resurgent Light?
No: These are Things not to be understood
By such as never knew the Source of Good:
By Nature only, Man could never see
His wretched State, nor trace his Misery.

G

If

If here on Earth he meets with Pain or Grief,
He hopes, at last, kind Death will yield Relief;
Scarcely considering Bad may yet be worse,
And he receive an everlasting Curse.
No carnal Man can by his Searchings find
The Depth of Solace to the peaceful Mind;
And seldom thinks, that God created Man,
Upon a wife, and most judicious Plan;
Which is recorded in the sacred Story,*
To be on purpose for his Maker's Glory.
Few well consider, why the human Mind
Should in a fleshly Body be confin'd
A few uncertain Days; why, by Creation,
Fixt in a State of Trial and Probation;
That he thereby be to Obedience brought,
And so redeem'd from Sin, in Word, and Thought.
But those that meet with Tribulations here,
And ever take their feeble Steps in Fear,
Afraid of moving wrong, scarce move at all,
And when they know they stand, they fear to fall.
These are the few, to whom this World appears
A Sea of Trouble, and a Vale of Tears:
When Pain of Body, or Distress of Mind,
Becomes their Portion, this they hope to find,

* Isa. xliii. 7.

That Death to them will be a welcome Friend,
 And his Approach will make their Sorrows end;
 Nor can to them a sudden Terror bring,
 (Nor will the Grave afford a pointed Sting)
 Tho' unforeseen and hasty Death appears,
 The Wicked only are possess'd with Fears;
 The truly pure in Heart *the Lord shall see,*
 And over Death triumph in Victory;
 Whole Power can only reach the House of Clay,
 Dislodge the Soul, and chase it thence away;
 Which only suffers, by that swift Remove,
 A quick Transition to the Joys above.

Thus Wheat and Tares we see together grow,
 And one from t'other do distinctly know;
 Yet both together must 'till Harvest stand,
 And then be sever'd by the Reaper's Hand,
 'Till he in Sheaves the Wheat together bind,
 And leaves the Tares (when sever'd thus) behind.

A Description of a true Minister of Christ.

THAT Man or Woman's qualify'd to teach,
 And can the Gospel-tidings truly preach,
 Who can the true refining Pot endure,
 Or, like fine Gold, is quite refin'd and pure ;
 Or, like the Silver, purg'd from Dross and Tin,
 From all Pollutions fully wash'd within ;
 And, in the Furnace being fully try'd,
 Knows both his Flesh and Spirit mortify'd,
 'Till Condemnation he no more can find,
 But knows Conversion, both in Heart and Mind ;
 And from this inward Purity of Heart,
 No evil Thoughts possess the inward Part ;
 No foolish Jestings for Diversion us'd,
 Nor can he be by Vanity amus'd ;
 But evermore from Levity refrains,
 And greater Evils perfectly disdains ;
 No guardless Words attend his Conversation,
 Nor just Reflection stains his Reputation ;

Is

Is modest, chaste, and prudent in his Ways,
 By grave Deportment constantly conveys
 Instructions round about him to the Youth,
 And close unites with such as love the Truth;
 Is one in Spirit with the pure in Heart,
 And such as dare not from the Lord depart;
 Is always anxious for the Preservation
 Of all professing Truth in every Station;
 Is willing to support its Discipline,
 And with his Brethren always in it join,
 To help the Weak, and strengthen the Sincere,
 The Stubborn check, but not with Words severe;
 Advises, always, in that Spring of Love,
 That would reclaim, and most effectual prove;
 Consistent with that Pattern left behind,
 By him who is the Saviour of Mankind;
 To whose Example he must always keep,
 Who ne'er was seen to laugh, but often weep:
 And his Disciple always will be grave,
 And with the greatest Decency behave;
 And by Examples will Instructions give,
 And *shew his Hearers* how they ought to live;
 But such as don't, from Preaching should refrain;
 And Silence keep, nor dare to preach again,
 For all their Pains therein will prove in vain:

This ancient Maxim's surely true, we know,
No Stream can bigger than its Fountain flow.
 The Gift that comes from God, to him will lead;
 But that which comes from Man, for Man will plead,
 Lead to extol his Parts—but not admire
 The Gift as God's, because he don't inspire;
 But when he does it gains such Evidences
 As can't be fathom'd by the outward Senses.
These Persons, only, have a Right to preach,
 Of whom it may be truly said, *THEY TEACH.*

An Epistle to a very young Woman.

MY much esteemed, little Friend,
 Some Hints of good Advice I send,
 In much Good-will to thee;
 And let them deeply be impress'd,
 And treasur'd up, within thy Breast,
 And still remembred be.

First then begin the Lord to fear,
 And in his Counsel always steer,

Let

Let him thy Ways direct ;
 As Good from Bad thou can't discern,
 Avoid the Bad, the other learn,
 And he will thee protect :

Be always decent, neat, and plain,
 From modish Dress, and Pride refrain,

Tho' found in every Station ;
 Be modest, courteous, yet reserv'd,
 But let not Friendship quite be starv'd,

For want of Conversation ;

To true Religion be inclin'd,
 And let it fill thy Heart and Mind,

'Tis worthy of thy Choice ;
 And thou wilt find Returns of Peace
 Will daily more and more increase,

And cause thee to rejoice :

'Twill to thy Parents thee endear,
 And gain such Love and Favour here,

As can't be well exprest ;
 And lasting Blessings from the Lord

Will here on Earth be thy Reward,
 And lead to endless Rest.

The Refuge of the Righteous.

To a FRIEND.

AS here on Earth we meet with Tribulations,
 And pass through many deep and fore
 Probations;
 Sometimes surrounded with distressing Fears,
 And sometimes over-whelm'd with Floods of Tears;
 Sometimes with our own Frailties much oppress,
 And sometimes more with others Faults distress;
 And often griev'd for the Abominations,
 Which so abound in these professing Nations,
 Threat'ning some heavy Judgments from above,
 If no kind Warning will effectual prove.
 Thus to consider what Mankind profess,
 And how they live—occasions deep Distress
 To those who love the Lord, and who lament
 To see so many sin—so few repent;
 And see Professors fill'd with high Pretences
 Of serving God, when, by the Consequences,
 'Tis clear to see they from his Ways depart,
 And love him not, sincerely, from the Heart;

But

But love their Pleasure more, and strive to please
 Their vain Desires, and rest themselves at Ease;
 No Cross they bear, no Self-denial choose,
 And thus the Way of Life and Peace refuse:
 Where, in these Cases, must the Righteous fly?
 Shall Man, for Help, to feeble Man apply?
 No, surely no! Vain is the Help of Man,
 His utmost Efforts weak, do all he can:
 But he who does upon the Lord rely,
 Will find his gracious Succour always nigh;
 He can relieve the Doubtings of the Mind,
 And give the present Help it wants to find;
 Who cares for them, who on him cast their Care,
 And helps the Tempted to avoid the Snare;
 To them that ask, the Shield of Faith bestows,
 To quench the fiery Darts which Satan throws
 To wound the humble Soul with causeless Fear,
 And make the Ways of God unjust appear;
 Who, to the Righteous, is a Friend indeed:
 A present Helper in the Time of Need,
 A true Physician to the wounded Soul,
 Whose Word alone can make it truly whole;
 Strength to the Weak is always with him brought,
 And Counsel giv'n to him who Counsel sought;
 To him alone the Righteous ever fled,
 And there their Wants before him humbly spread;

Who was, and is, and will be, nigh at hand
 To all his little ones, in every Land.
 By him no Trials are to any brought,
 And no instructive Lesson by them taught;
 And what attends his Children by Permission,
 Proves advantageous to the Soul's Condition,
 Tho' grievous for the present they appear,
 And to the tried Soul may seem severe,
 But when the Lord doth these Afflictions bless,
 They then produce the Fruits of Righteousness;
 And such Probations very often tend
 To solid Peace and Comfort in the End.

*On the Shortness and Uncertainty
 of Life.*

S H O R T and uncertain is the Life of Man,
 Whose longest Time is only call'd a Span;
 And that so short and rapid in Progression,
 That we have but a Moment in Possession;
 Yea, while we speak, that also flies away,
 And others that succeed, which make the Day.
 Thus

Thus Night succeeds the Day, and Day the Night,
 But each uncertain still—a Secret quite
 From us conceal'd—for all our Penetration
 Could never find its Length nor small Duration.
 As *Tenants* thus at *Will*, our Care should be,
 Not unprepar'd the Messenger to see,
 That calls us hence.—No Time have we to spare,
 In which we ought not, with the utmost Care,
 For our Removal daily to prepare:
 No Time for avaricious Thoughts to be
 At all indulg'd; nor in the least Degree
 To aim at grasping Heaps of Riches here,
 Whose Usefulness we cannot make appear:
 No Time have we to spare for vain Delight;
 Nor Time for Sports, as pleasing in our Sight,
 To lead us to forget *uncertain Time*,
 Which we should rightly use: When in our Prime
 There's Time sufficient prudently to spare,
 For honest Labour and industrious Care,
 For the Support of Life, and gain Supplies
 Of ev'ry needful Thing.—

A truly thoughtful Man may often find
 Leisure enough to exercise his Mind,
 Amidst his Labour, in deep Contemplation,
 And inwardly to pray for Preservation:

But true Religion will Extremes prevent,
 And render Men in all Estates content;
 Time calls for this—Give first to God thy Heart,
 And seek his Kingdom in thy inward Part;
 Devote thy Youth—thy Strength—thy Parts—thy all,
 To yield Obedience to the heavenly Call;
 That Man submit intirely to fulfill
 The known Requirements of his Maker's Will;
 * That his Creator still remember'd be,
 " Before the evil Days draw nigh, when he
 " Shall say, *In them I can no Pleasure see;*
 " Before his Vitals feel the fatal Stroke,
 " Or golden Bow, or silver Cord, be broke;
 " Before the Keepers of the House shall shake;
 " Before the Pitches of the Fountain break;
 " Before the Windows close—the Grinders cease;
 " The strong Men bow, because of Strength's Decree;
 " Before the Sun and Moon withdraw their Light,
 " Or Stars are hid, and veiled from his Sight,
 " And Man return to his long Home again,
 " And Mourning in the Street is then in vain."

Wise would it be in Man, thus to reflect,
 And all his past Misconduct recollect,

* Eccles. xii. 1, &c.

And

And strive to mend the Failings that are past,
 And spend each Day as if it was his last;
 No evil Practice, no indulgent Ways,
 Should fill the short Remainder of his Days:
 And as the Time is short—the Work is great
 He has to do, or fully to complete:
 If Life should fail, this Loss he can't retrieve,
 Nor shun the Sentence which he must receive.
 So swift is Time, the Infants & other Day,
 Are grown to Men—the Ancients swept away;
 The strong Man lately, also feeble grows,
 And soon must die—the aged wise Man knows
 His outward Senses fail—that he declines;
 The wretched Miser feels it, and repines
 To leave his Gold—his God—and all he hath,
 And dreads to die, for Fear of endless Wrath,
 But let Time thus with Swiftneſs fly away,
 Let Beauty, Strength, or Senſes, thus decay,
 Let ev'ry Claſs of Men poſt to the Grave,
 And haſten on their Exit there to have,
 Let thoſe that love their Pleaſures here on Earth,
 Grieve and lament whene'er they think of Death;
The Righteous cannot grieve—becauſe they truſt
 In him alone, that's faithful, true, and juſt,
 To grant to them an endless State of Reſt,
 In which they will remain for ever bleſt,

In Happiness with him, which cannot cease,
A State of true Tranquility and Peace,

But tho' the Strength of Man thus feels Decay,
And all his Days are flying swift away,
Suppose his Time was fixt for eighty Years,
That, to Eternity compar'd — appears
So very short, when past, 'tis like a Day,
Whose fleeting Moments quickly slide away.
Should not poor Man, in this uncertain State,
Great Prudence use, before it be too late?
Some serious Thoughts admit into his Mind,
About what future State he hopes to find;
Whether the Way he takes be right, or wrong,
And what Rewards must still to each belong?
Would Man but seek, he'd find a Teacher near,
That would inform him always how to steer,
And lead him to consider that his Breath
He must resign at the Approach of Death;
Which always him pursues with winged Speed,
And gains upon him fast; yea, fast indeed!
Is even at his Heels, with Scythe in Hand,
To cut him down, whose Force he can't withstand;
Prepar'd, or not, he must a Victim be,
And launch from Time into Eternity:

O endless

O endless State! If blessed, blest indeed!
 But if in Torment, so it is decreed
 That in that State it must for ever be,
 And so remain to all Eternity:
 No Restoration left, nor hop'd Relief,
 Can then at all alleviate its Grief.
 Let precious Time be rightly used, then,
 And truly valu'd, by the Sons of Men;
 And wisely fill'd, with Diligence and Care,
 To serve the Lord, and for his Rest prepare.

A Contemplation on Heaven.

AS here on Earth the Blessings of the Lord,
 To humble Minds, such secret Joy afford;
 Or when he makes his Countenance to shine
 Upon the seeking Soul, with Love divine;
 One Hour of this sublime and perfect Joy
 Doth (while posselt) the raptur'd Soul employ
 In grateful Thanks, resulting from its Worth:
 Vain is th' Attempt, by Words, to set it forth,
 For Language fails—an inward secret Song
 It only feels—to which no Words belong.

If thus the Foretaste be, the full Possession
 Can't be conceiv'd, nor couched in Expression ;
 Where Saints and Angels share the full Fruition
 Of endless Bliss, that has no Intermiſſion ;
 Where glorious Viſions always meet the Sight,
 And every Voice, that's heard, affords Delight ;
 Where Solemn Silence, for a certain Space,
 Was mark'd, by *John*,* to fill the holy Place ;
 And when the Holy One in Silence ſits,
 And all the heav'nly Hoſt to him ſubmits,
 No Sight more ſolemn ! awful, and profound,
 In Heav'n above, or Earth beneath, is found ;
 Where Numbers endless, fill'd with Joy and Praise,
 Are hush'd at once—and each his Lord obeys ;
 And when he pleaſes, each exalts his Voice,
 Tranſcendent Joy indeed ! Where all rejoice ;
 Where Pain and Grief, where Mourning and Diſtreſs,
 With their Attendants, never find Accels ;
 Where Conſolation in Perfection reigns,
 And Peace triumphant evermore remains ;
 Where Songs harmonious, and united Love,
 Cement, as one, the happy Souls above,
 Who dwell in Regions of eternal Day,
 Tranſcending far the Sun's meridian Ray ;

* Rev. xviii. 1.

And where the Glory of the sovereign Lord
 Superior Lustre does thereto afford
 Whose most majestick Glory fills the Space
 Of that immense Expanse, and heavenly Place,
 Where great Jehovah's Smiles Inspire the Choir
 Of raptur'd Souls to sing his endless Praise,
 To join with Angels, and aloud proclaim
 The glorious Wonders of his mighty Name;
 His Love set forth, his tender Mercies shew
 To whom their Homage is so justly due
 How short their Trials were, in Flesh and Blood,
 And that by his Support alone they stood
 The Trial of their Faith—a small Probation,
 Thus to be crown'd with Glory and Salvation!

The Hopes of this transcending Joy at last,
 When all the Conflicts here on Earth are past,
 Have been the Object of the Saints' Regard,
 The hop'd-for *Recompence* of their *Reward*,
 The *aim'd-at Mark* of the desired *Prize*,
 On which with stedfast Hope they fix their Eyes;
 Not all the tort'ring Pains of cruel Death,
 Denounced by the most vindictive Breath,
 Could holy Martyrs e'er intimidate,
 Nor hinder their Pursuit of such a State

And shall we now, with perfect Freedom blest,
 By Laws protected (not by Laws oppress'd)
 Forget our Duty, careless and at ease,
 And strive with sensual Things ourselves to please;
 Refuse to bear the Cross—and subject be
 To him whose just Command is, *Follow me,*
And to your Souls ye Rest shall surely find.
 What Task more easy? What more truly kind
 Than for past Sin submit to deep Distress,
 And by Degrees advance in Righteousness.
 O, may we not, in this *Sabbath-day,*
 Nor yet in *Winter,* take our Flight away,
 From a Dependence on that mighty Hand,
 That gave to *Abram's* Seed the promised Land!
 Who strengthen'd all the Righteous to prepare,
 In Realms on high, celestial Joys to share!
 That this may be my happy Lot at last,
 Has been my deep Concern for Years by past:
 No more amongst the Wicked to converse,
 No more to deafen'd Ears my Grievs rehearse;
 No more constrain'd the Ignorant to teach,
 No more to dead Professors forc'd to preach;
 No more constrain'd the Drowsy to awake,
 But evermore of lasting Bliss partake;
 Where Sorrows cease, and Tears are done away,
 And endless Glory forms perpetual Day:

No Darkneſs there—no gloomy tedious Night—
But all is Joy—a Kingdom of Delight!

On GEORGE FOX, *and his Miſſion.*

G R E A T was the Work, tho' ſimple was the
Man,

By whom this glorious Work was firſt began;
Calm and ſerene his inward State of Mind,
In which he was to ſerve the Lord reſign'd;
Subject his Will, his Temper mortify'd,
His Heart upright, and Conſcience purify'd;
Enlight'n'd from above, he came to ſee
The inward Law of God his Rule to be;
Which gave him, inwardly, the cleareſt Sight
Of Man's depraved State—and in this Light
(Which in his Underſtanding often ſhone)
By him deep Things of God were rightly known,
The Myſt'ries of Iniquity reveal'd,
And Things which had for Ages been conceal'd:
His Heart was truly fill'd with Goſpel Love,
In which he greatly did himſelf approve
To be a Workman not to be aſham'd,
His Conduct never being juſtly blam'd:

In Things divine his Knowledge was profound,
 And (tho' unlearn'd) in Understanding sound:
 Thus, by Experience in the Things of God,
 He could describe to Man the Path he trod,
 Point out to him the Way for his Salvation,
 And how he might attain to each Gradation,
 In his Advances towards Reformation;
 And so was truly qualify'd to preach
 The Doctrines which the holy Scriptures teach,
 Describe the Seed of Evil in the Heart,
 And holy Spirit in the inward Part;
 Each striving to obtain the sole Direction
 Of all our Ways, and govern each Affection:
 Thus shew'd the Way for overcoming Sin,
 By strict Attention to the *Light within*,
 Or Spirit of the Lord, whose Operations
 Always enable to resist Temptations;
 No longer Slaves to Sin, but free indeed,
 Whilst govern'd by the *pure and holy Seed*,
 The Seed of God, the quick and powerful Word,
 That's sharper than a keen two-edged Sword;
 Which, when it's drawn, will instantly begin
 To slay that Nature that inclines to Sin,
 'Till Man becomes like Gold refin'd and pure,
 And all's consum'd that can't the Fire endure;

The

The Fire, that burns away the Dross and Tinsel, of
 And consecrates the Heart to God, within;
 An *House not made with Hands, an House of Pray'r,*
 And then the Lord is rightly worship'd there,
In Spirit and in Truth—this Adoration
 The Lord our God accepts with Approbation:
 A Type of which the Temple was of old,
 Whose inward Parts were laid with purest Gold;
 And all its Vessels, at its Dedication,
 Had *Holiness* engrav'd, as Consecration.
 These Truths he labour'd much to make appear,
Perfecting Holiness in godly Fear : *
 And what he taught to others, he possess'd,
 And peace from God abounded in his Breast :
 No rigid Sourness in him did appear,
 Yet to the stubborn Sinner was severe ;
 Laid Judgment on the Head of the Transgressor,
 And just Rebukes upon the vain Professor :
 When Penitents apply'd, Relief to have,
 The healing Balm of Consolation gave ;
 Tender to those who did Salvation seek,
 And to the humble Soul was always meek ;
 A nursing Father was to the Upright,
 To those in Darkness recommended Light ;

* 2 Cor. vii. 1.

To noisy People, he did Silence teach;
 And to *the Life in Words*, he Death did preach;
 To those who had the Form of Godliness,
 The inward *Pow'r alone* did strongly press;
 He deem'd that Ministry corrupt and vain,
 Whose sole Support is present worldly Gain;
 That Ceremonies in Religion tend
 To lead Professors on them to depend;
 And to divert the well-intending Mind
 From seeking after what it ought to find,
 The real Substance—and that Forms prevent
 The Work of Grace—and yield a false Content,
 Lull Men asleep, secure in sensual Ease,
 And then the Form without the Pow'r can please;
 But when the Pow'r is felt, and thus possess'd,
 The Soul is then by empty Forms oppress'd;
 In awful Silence, then, such can implore
 The heav'nly Aid, and truly God adore:
 The broken Heart no Form of Words requires,
 To tell its Wants, or say what it desires:
 These Truths he held, and farther did declare,
 That hireling Priests apostatized were,
 And ignorant of God, and always made
 Preaching for Hire to them a gainful Trade:
 Thus this Reformer taught—and thus believ'd
 Such as were by his Doctrine undeceiv'd.

But this plain Doctrine, in so dark an Age,
 Set Priest and People mostly in a Rage;
 And him, whose Doctrine they could not confute,
 And were not able with him to dispute,
 They were resolv'd by Force to persecute;
 And his Adherents too: But no Success
 Did them attend, nor those at all suppress:
 The more the Camomile was trod, the more
 Each Branch struck root, and deeper than before,
 For all these Hardships; all they hop'd to find,
 Was Peace with God, to console the Mind:
 This to obtain, he preached Reformation,
 And so alarmed much this drowsy Nation,
 Turn'd many Souls to God, from evil Ways,
 And saw the Work to prosper in his Days,
 He to the Lord did Multitudes invite,
 And in that Service greatly did delight:
 No cruel Treatment could his Mind deter,
 Nor outward Ease to Peace of Mind prefer:
 So great a Work, so rapid in Progression,
 In bringing Thousands to the same Profession;
 Children unborn, in future, shall admire,
 And bless the God, who did the Man inspire.

On the Greatness and Mercy of
G O D.

FAIN would my Muse attempt, in grateful Lays,
 To sing the greatness of Elohim's Praise;
 Fain would presume, inspired from above,
 To sing of his Compassion, and his Love;
 His tender Mercies towards Men relate,
 Extol his Pow'r, as infinitely great;
 Fain would she, with expanded Wings, ascend,
 And view the Wonders, none can comprehend:
 She may presume, in Thought, to mount on high,
 Admire the glorious Orbs around the Sky;
 To shew this Wisdom, Glory, Pow'r, and Might,
 A Theme too great for Mortals to indite;
 And for my feeble Muse too great a Task,
 For all the Pow'rs she has, or dare to ask.
 No human Art can measure out the Space,
 Nor fix the just Dimensions of the Race.
 One Planet runs, in its own annual Course,
 Nor shew its great Velocity and Force.

Wonder

Wonder we may, and Wonders they appear ;
 And Wonders they remain from Year to Year.
 The Works of Men wear out, and soon decay ;
 But these are still the same, and no Delay,
 By Accident, or Wearing, stops the Course,
 But all retain their ancient Forms and Force.
 All these are Things beyond the Reach of Man,
 To comprehend the Wisdom of his Plan ;
 All we can fathom claims our Admiration,
 And calls aloud for awful Adoration ;
 Tho' Things above we can but partly know,
 We better understand his Works below,
 Perceive his Wonders in the Earth and Seas,
 See Life in Motion move by slow Degrees ;
 In Animals, their Life soon slides away,
 And vegetable Life has its Decay ;
 From whence we see, and clearly understand,
 His sovereign Power, and that his just Command
 All Nature still obeys—and that his Laws
 Are still therein the fixt and certain Cause.

But leaving this—let me consider next
 The State of Man ; how fickle and perplex !
 So wise—so foolish—happy—yet distressed ;
 In Bondage—Freedom—joyful, yet oppressed ;

K

Blind,

Blind, tho' he sees; and seeing, yet is blind;
 For something seeking, which he cannot find:
 This the Almighty in Compassion saw,
 And, in his Mercy, gave to him a Law,
 To be his Rule—to rectify his Mind,
 Shew him his State, and also how to find
 The Favour of his God—enjoying Peace,
 Which, with Obedience, daily would increase;
 And this his tender Mercy does not fail,
 Who, by his Love, is striving to prevail,
 Reproving him, from Year to Year, for Sin,
 And manifesting thus his Mind within;
 In order to conduct him all his Days,
 And guide him safely in his holy Ways;
 Redeem his Soul from Death, by giving Grace,
 And inward Strength, to run the heav'nly Race;
 And so obtain, at last, a glorious Prize,
 The Hope of which he sets before his Eyes,
 To animate his Soul still to pursue
 The Way of Life—and Evil to eschew;
 And gives him Hope to overcome at last,
 When all these Conflicts here are over-past;
 Who gave his Son, a Ransom for Mankind,
 That all thereby this Benefit should find;
 He should become an Advocate to plead,
 And with his Father for them intercede,

When

When they repent, bewailing their Condition,
 And so obtain, thro' him, a full Remission
 Of all their Sins—what kind of Love is this,
 Thus to obtain for them the Way to Bliss!

When our first Parents did in *Eden* dwell,
 And there, by Disobedience, quickly fell,
 Great was the Pity which their sov'reign Lord,
 In deep Compassion, did to them afford
 In their Distress—when the eternal Mind
 Beheld how much it would affect Mankind,
 And so determin'd what the Means should be,
 Which, in due Time, should set 'em wholly free,
 And so restore them, fully, from the Fall,
 And make Salvation possible to all,
 Would they embrace *the Means* he should provide,
 And in Obedience to his Will abide,
 And in his Arm of Strength alone confide.
 But if they did such *Means of Help* refuse,
 They might themselves of Negligence accuse;
 Acquit the great Creator of the Blame,
 And say, *by Sin* their own Destruction came.
 In early Times God did for Man provide
 His holy Spirit, to instruct and guide

The Sons of Men ; but as the Scriptures tell,
 They dar'd against its Teachings to rebel : *
 But when our Saviour did Atonement make,
 And offer'd up his Life for lost Man's Sake,
 He purchased for him the Gift of Grace,
 To be diffused through the human Race,
 And be sufficient to enable all
 To witness Restoration from the Fall,
 Redeem their Minds from Evil, and restore
 To Man the Freedom which he had before ;
 Imprint on him that native Innocence
 That *Adam* had, before his first Offence :
 And as in *Adam* his Descendants dy'd,
 So when the Son of God was crucify'd,
 All Men obtain'd thro' him, without Exemption,
 The Means of their Salvation and Redemption ;
 Being made alive thro' him, who is *the Way*,
The Truth, and Life, † to all that do obey
 The inward Teachings of the Gift of Grace,
 Which will enable so to run the Race
 As to their Maker to obtain Access,
 By being made alive in Righteousness ;
 Who once were dead in Sin, but now are free
 To serve the Lord, in perfect Liberty ;

* Gen. vi. 3 5.

† John xiv. 6.

A Freedom, which we are by Scripture told,
Children of God enjoy'd * in Days of old.

Who, then, among the Sons of Men can say
 All God has done for Man? And can display
 The Height or Depth of Love? Or can express
 The Length and Breadth of all his Tenderness
 Unto his Creature Man? My simple Muse
 Declines the Task; and must herself excuse
 From moving farther in a Work so great;
 For Words will fail; and Language can't relate
 His Goodness, Care, and fatherly Regard,
 To love—forgive—assist—and then reward.

On the Reward of the Righteous.

E*YE bath not seen, Ear heard, nor Heart conceiv'd,†*
 (Nor can it be by wicked Men believ'd)

The good Things which the Lord hath yet in Store,
 To bless the Righteous with, for evermore;
Riches in Bags laid up—as Scriptures say,||
 Which cruel *Tbief can never steal away,*
Nor Moth can ever eat—nor Rust decay.

* Rom. viii. 21. † 1 Cor. ii. 9. Isa. lxiv. 4.
 || Mat. vi. 20. Luke xii. 20.

Tho' from the Wicked this is still conceal'd,
 Yet to the faithful Few it is reveal'd,
 By Christ, the Son of God—and known to be
 A blessed State of true Felicity.
 And here on Earth, the high and holy Lord
 Doth to his faithful Servants still afford
 A Membership in Christ, his only Son,
 Where all his Members do unite in one,
 And all are joined to the holy Head,
 From whom the vital Strength does fully spread,
 For their Support—to which his Words agree,
*I am in you,** saith he, *and you in me.*
 But this consummate State's obtain'd on Earth
 By those alone who knew the second Birth;
 And over these the second Death can have
 No Pow'r to hurt at all, beyond the Grave;
 But in their God they will for ever dwell,
 A State of Glory, Angels can't excel.

* John xiv. 20.

*To a young Man on his Recovery,
after having been given over by
his Physicians.*

I OWN, dear Friend, when'er I contemplate
Upon the Favour granted thee of late,
In giving thee a farther Space of Time,
In this which may be truly call'd thy Prime,
Yet for thy Wife and Children to prepare
Of needful Things a comfortable Share,
To be a kind Companion to thy Wife,
And guide thy Children's Steps a while in Life,
Appears a Blessing which I can't express,
Nor view without a Sense of Thankfulness:
May humbling Thoughts, in future, always raise
The just Returns of Gratitude and Praise,
In all our Hearts, to him who gives us Breath,
And has restor'd thee from the Verge of Death!
May he henceforward all thy Steps direct,
And from all evil Ways thy Soul protect;
Engage thy Heart to love his holy Ways,
And to devote to him thy future Days;

And (tho' engag'd in Trade) his Service be
 Most lov'd, most fought, and most desir'd by thee:
 So will thy Life be blest, thy Wealth increase,
 And thou thereby may'st live and die in Peace.

*On inward Poverty, and a ram-
 bling Mind, in religious Meetings.*

I.

O T H A T my Mind could still refrain
 From ev'ry foolish Thought!
 And all my mental Rovings be
 To true Subjection brought!

II.

That when my Heart is bent to seek
 The Lord for Help and Peace,
 All Thoughts that would my Mind divert
 Might then entirely cease.

III.

Tho', when retir'd, I've often felt
 Some inward Consolations,
 Yet when I would again retire,
 I've met with fore Probations.

IV.

IV.

Perhaps about indifferent Things
 My Thoughts have been employ'd,
 Which for a while were not suppress'd,
 Nor any Good enjoy'd.

V.

But O that I, with Diligence,
 May labour more and more,
 That so the Lord may condescend
 His Favours to restore!

VI.

That I may feel my Strength renew'd,
 Temptations to resist,
 Which if I humbly wait to find,
 He surely will assist.

VII.

Because his Arm is cloth'd with Strength,
 And full of heav'nly Might;
 His Ear is open to the Poor,
 Whose Aid is his Delight.

VIII.

To him, in Streights, may I apply,
 Whilst I remain on Earth,
 As he alone can give me Life,
 And break the Pow'r of Death.

IX.

Tho' frail I am, and frail we are,
 And on this Side the Grave
 A State of Frailty ev'ry one
 Must still expect to have;

X.

But to the Lord we all should look
 In Times of deep Distress;
 And in Prosperity as much,
 Tho' then we seek him less.

XI.

'Tis his reviving heav'nly Love
 Can only dissipate
 The idle Ramblings of the Mind,
 Altho' exceeding great:

XII.

'Tis this alone can chase away

Our vain Imaginations,

And change the Rovings of our Minds

To proper Contemplations :

XIII.

Wean all our Thoughts from earthly Things,

Save only for our Use ;

And those receive as with a Mind

Averse to Things profane.

XIV.

This sov'reign Help, this gracious Aid,

This awful humbling Pow'r,

Is that for which we ought to wait,

And seek for ev'ry Hour.

To the Youth of the Female Sex.

On Dress, &c.

XIII

WHY should your native Innocence,
Adorn'd in Youth with Wit and Sense,
In Modesty array'd,
Which always amiably appears,
Be lost as you advance in Years,
And you to Pride betray?

Does Wisdom teach to vie in Dress?
Or Folly, only, teach Excess,
And captivate the Mind?
Can Love of Pleasures yield you Peace?
Or can you, if your Virtue cease,
True solid Comfort find?

III.

How can you ever be at Ease,
When no invented Mode can please
When once it's common grown?

Or

Or how can you in Things delight,
 Before you find their Fashions right,
 Or Cuts be fully known?

IV.

This heavy Cross attends your Pride,
 Your Clothes half-worn are laid aside,
 Or Alterations made;

And those who do it seldom know
 From whence these Whims or Fancies flow,
 And never learn their Trade.

V.

Thus many waste their precious Time,
 And fool away their youthful Prime,
 And spend their Money too,
 In following ev'ry foolish Fashion,
 That's newly brought into the Nation,
 And some themselves undo.

VI.

For Gay with gay Acquaintance take,
 And oftentimes such Matches make,
 As ruin both at last;
 But those who are both just and wise,
 And fear the Lord, they still despise
 All Things that change so fast.

Or how can you in this delight
 These learn religiously to fear
 The God who gave them Beings here,
 And daily bear his Cross;
 To him alone they have their Eye,
 And on his Arm alone rely,
 And seldom suffer Loss.

And those who do it know
 But such as emulate in Drudgery
 But little Rest or Peace possess,
 For all their great Expence:
 In those Pursuits they often find
 Some fresh Perplexities of Mind,
 Which still arise from thence.

In following every foolish Fashion
 IX.
 Thus many, like the troubled Seas,
 Are toss'd about, and find no Ease;
 Are still in Fluctuation;
 Nor can they find it, till they know
 The Source from whence true Comforts flow,
 An inward Reformation.

*A Comparison between a Winter
Orchard and the Church under
our Name.*

THE Winter Trees, depriv'd of Fruit,
Whole Leaves are fully gone,
Resemble Death, at distant View;
But, nearly look'd upon,
Their Buds are living, fresh and full,
And ready to expand,
When frigid Winter's past away,
And Spring is near at hand;
Then ev'ry Branch and Sprig will shoot,
And soon in Bloom appear,
And diff'rent Foliage soon denote
The Summer Season near.
When Blooming ceases, soon appears
The newly-formed Fruit,
Which when matur'd, and fully ripe,
For various Ends will suit.

But

But if, in Winter, all the Trees

— Their Ranks and Places keep,

And stand upright, retain their Hold,

By Roots secure and deep ;

Tho' ruffling Winds may often shake,

And try their utmost Strength,

For this they will the better grow,

And fruitful prove at length ;

Tho' pinching Frosts, and chilling Winds,

Their Sap may lignify,

And Sapling-Twigs may stronger grow,

And Wood become thereby,

Which, in the Spring-Time, will produce

Such Sprigs as will appear

Both weak, and tender, on the Trees,

As they last Season were

By these Gradations, we behold

The beauteous Creation

Grow and increase from Year to Year,

To human Admiration :

And

And tho' our People at this Time

Like Winter Trees appear,
And ev'ry leafless Twig denotes
The Season of the Year ;

Yet while each Member keeps his Place,

Like Trees where they are planted,
Their tender Buds will rise and swell,
And Leaves appear when wanted :

When Spring comes on, the gentle Showers

Fresh Verdure will bestow ;
And when the Summer Season comes,
Their Fruit again will grow ;

Which by the Sun will ripen'd be,

Fits for the Master's Use :
May such a Time to us draw nigh,
And such Effects produce ;

And this long Winter to the Church

(When some suppose her dead)
Be follow'd by a joyful Spring
To raise her drooping Head.

A Resolution realiz'd.

AS Wishing will neither procure nor prevent,
 I hope to continue my State of Content,
 And yield to my Lot with a proper Submission,
 And think myself blest in my present Condition.
 I'll not wish for Riches, because of their Snares;
 Nor yet for more Business, because of its Cares,
 But thankfully use what the Bounty of Heaven,
 Has furnish'd as needful, nor sparingly giv'n
 A Mind free from Guilt, and possessing true Peace,
 O! these are the Riches I wish to increase;
 For a State betwixt Ease, and a constant Employ,
 Is the State I would chuse, and the State I enjoy.

Postscript.

Since what's above written some Years are expir'd,
 In which I've accomplish'd one Thing I desir'd;
 And retir'd from Trade to a still quiet Life,
 With only one Servant, myself and my Wife,
 To a rural, convenient and good Habitation,
 Not grand, yet secure, and becoming my Station;

And

And what Time I don't in my Duty employ,
 With my Garden, my Books, or my Pen I enjoy,
 Save in Rides, and in Walks ; and I then contemplate
 How seldom such Favours are known by the Great ;
 And I see nothing now that is like to prevent
 My future Enjoyment of Peace and Content :
 A Sense of these Mercies, with true Thankfulness,
 Makes deeper Impressions than Words can express,
 Which I hope will induce me, the rest of my Days,
 To render the Giver Obedience and Praise.
 Should Pain, Ache or Sickness in old Age attend,
 I hope shall with Patience submit in the End ;
 And so yield to Death, when, if favour'd with Peace,
 All Sorrows and Pain will be ended and cease.

• F I N I S.

And while Time I don't in my Duty employ,
With my Garden, my Books, or my Pen I enjoy.
Sate in Rides, and in Walks; and I then contemplate
How seldom such Pleasures are known by the Great;
And I see nothing now that is like to prevent
My future Enjoyment of Peace and Content;
A Sense of these Merits, with true Thankfulness,
Makes deeper Impressions than Words can express,
Which I hope will induce me, the rest of my Days
To render the Great Observer and Ruler.
Should Pain, Aches, or old Age attend,
I hope still with Patient Silence in the End;
And to yield to Death, when, in favour'd with Peace,
All Sorrows and Pains will be ended and cease.

F F W I S

